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Family Plays

Her Senior Year

*Drama by
Cody Moree*



Her Senior Year

A gripping, meaningful play. The original production won honors in a state one-act play contest, where it has become a perennial favorite.

Drama. By Cody Moree. *Cast: 3m., 5w., extras.* Blaire has everything—good looks, popularity and a brain. It's her senior year, and she's going to be valedictorian. No one is surprised when she is chosen homecoming queen at the season's final football game. Her friends are delighted—everybody likes her. Then Blaire finds out that she has cancer. The play has fun, excitement and some tears. All but one of the characters are teenage. Audiences of all ages enjoy it. Young people see themselves; adults see their children in familiar situations and recall their own teen years—and perhaps offer a prayer of thankfulness. *Her Senior Year* play makes you think. The setting is the Doghouse Restaurant, the favorite hangout for the young people of the small town of Clearwater. The author set the play in Texas, but with a few minor changes in the dialog—permission for which is granted—it could take place anywhere. *One simple set. Costumes: modern, every day. Suitable for touring. Approximate running time: 30 to 35 minutes. Code: HD6.*

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Her Senior Year

HER SENIOR YEAR

A One-Act Play
by
CODY MOREE

Family Plays

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098

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CODY MOREE

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(HER SENIOR YEAR)

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“Produced by special arrangement with
Family Plays of Woodstock, Illinois”

HER SENIOR YEAR

by CODY MOREE

Cast of Characters

Blaire Parker: Eighteen, honor student, student body president

Ami Snow: Eighteen, a waitress, a friend to the group

Kyle Wilson: Eighteen, Blaire's longtime boyfriend

Shelby Stevens: Eighteen, Blaire's best friend

Aaron Landry: Eighteen, Kyle's best friend

Mavis Daniels: The owner of the Doghouse

Todd Grayson: Eighteen, a friend of the group

Kellie Parker: Fifteen, Blaire's younger sister

Extras as desired: Customers at the Doghouse

Time: *The Present*

Place: *The Doghouse Restaurant, a teen hangout*

Originally produced by the Huntington, Texas High School
One-Act Play Co., with the following cast:

Blaire Parker	Aleisha Boyett
Ami Snow	Holly Ritnour
Shelby Stevens	Ashley Watson
Aaron Landry	Matt Clifton
Mavis Daniels	Ashley Albritton
Kyle Wilson	Jason Sammons
Todd Grayson	Stanley Zavala
Kellie Parker	Erin Dillard
Customer	Jason Brown
Customer	Shera Tinsley
Customer	Randi Spears

Crew

Stage Manager	Jason Brown
Lights	Rachel Beck
Sound	Adam Watson
Crew	Kari Blackledge
Crew	Brent Odstrcil

ABOUT THE PLAY

Blaire has everything—good looks, popularity, a brain. It's her senior year, and she is going to be valedictorian. It's no surprise to anyone when she is chosen homecoming queen at the final football game of the season. And then, something frightening happens to Blaire.

The play has fun, excitement, and some tears. The setting is the Doghouse restaurant, the favorite hangout for the young people of the small town of Clearwater (the author set the play in Texas, but with a few minor changes in the dialog—permission for which is granted—it could take place anywhere). With one simple set, modern, everyday costumes, and roles that are easy to play, “Her Senior Year” is easy to stage, and it's ideal for touring. Audiences of all ages enjoy it. Young people see themselves; adults see their children in familiar situations and recall their own teen years—and perhaps offer a prayer of thankfulness. The play makes you think.

Playing time is 30 to 35 minutes.

PRODUCTION NOTES*Properties*

Food on plates—customers

Food tray—Ami

Paper money—customer and Mavis

Telephone—on counter

Paint canisters—Shelby

Christmas box containing a leather jacket—Blaire

Wrinkled brown paper bag containing ring box with promise ring—
Kyle

Camera—Mavis

Photo of Blaire—Kyle

Tape recorder—Kyle

Restaurant features (perhaps a cash register, coffee urn, etc. on
counter and napkin holders on tables)

Music

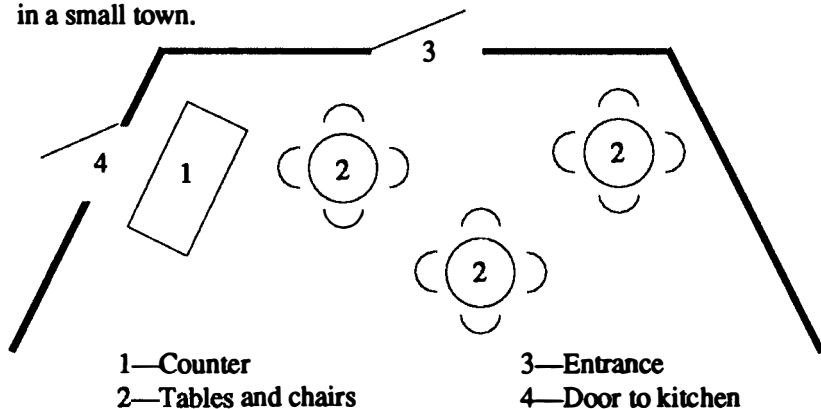
Football season music is suggested at the opening as the lights go up.
Christmas music may open Scene 2.

Costumes

Current everyday costumes in keeping with the personality of each character are recommended. Ami may want to wear a waitress's apron, and she wears a graduation cap and gown in Scene 5. Some of the others may also wear caps and gowns if desired.

The Set

The entire play takes place in the Doghouse restaurant, a teen hangout in a small town.



HER SENIOR YEAR

Scene One

[Between 10:30 and 11:00 pm on a November Friday night at the "Doghouse," Clearwater's favorite and only restaurant. LIGHTS and MUSIC fade in—we see SHELBY, BLAIRE, and KELLIE, and OTHERS sitting around tables, eating a little and talking a lot. As MAVIS takes money from a CUSTOMER, the PHONE rings]

MAVIS. Now let's see, honey, you had two chicken fried steaks and ice tea? *[To AMI, who is across the room]* Ami, get the phone! *[Back to the customer]* Was that right?

AMI. *[Into the phone]* Doghouse. *[Pause]* We don't take phone-in orders after ten pm.

MAVIS. If they have money we take their order.

AMI. I'm sorry, what would you like?

MAVIS. *[To the customer]* And three dollars is your change. Y'all come back to see us.

AMI. Got it. Thank you. *[She hangs up the phone and goes to kitchen, talking as she enters]* I need two dog specials with a Coke to go. *[She re-enters as SHELBY and BLAIRE talk]*

SHELBY. I cannot believe we lost that badly.

BLAIRE. Shelby, we always lose.

SHELBY. I know, but we usually make a first down.

AMI. I don't know what you're so surprised about. The last time the Clearwater Bassetthounds won anything is when we collected the most money in the county for the Jerry Lewis Telethon *[Note: Update if desired]*.

KELLIE. I don't care. It was still homecoming. My first homecoming in high school and my first homecoming date.

AMI. And where is Mr. Wonderful?

BLAIRE. Yeah, Kellie, tell Ami where Roger is.

KELLIE. He's at home. His mother picked him up halfway through the third quarter.

SHELBY. You probably had the only homecoming date is history whose curfew ends before the game does.

AMI. Oh, don't worry about it, kid. We can't all be Miss Outstanding like your big sister.

BLAIRE. What's that supposed to mean?

AMI. It means that everybody in North America knew you'd be homecoming queen.

BLAIRE. I didn't know it.

AMI. How could you not know it? You're the head cheerleader. You're the president of the Student Council and the National Honor Society. You've been voted Most Likely to own a small country. Did you really think this homecoming business would be a stretch?

BLAIRE. You guys act like I nominate myself for this stuff.

SHELBY. No, Blaire, that's not it. Look, I'm your best friend. We all love you and we're real happy for you. It's just not a surprise, that's all. It's kinda like one of those unwritten laws of nature. Y'know, ugly people marry other ugly people and only good things happen to Blaire. *[KYLE, TODD, and AARON enter]*

MAVIS. Come in, boys, sit down and let your Aunt Mavis fix ya one of her double rich thick Doghouse shakes. *[She exits]*

AMI. And here they are now, ladies and gentlemen, the starting quarterback and two more of the Clearwater Bassetthounds, who tonight set a new record for giving up the most points in a football game.

KELLIE. Ami, you are so rude. You weren't even at the game.

TODD. No, Kellie, it's OK. We actually set that record last week.

BLAIRE. Are you all right, Kyle?

KYLE. All things considered, I really am. I'm amazed at how many times the human body can be hit and still function.

AARON. I'm not sure I'm functioning.

KELLIE. Why do you say that?

AARON. Because there's no feeling in my right arm. I'm not complaining because there's no pain. See. *[He slaps his arm around on the table]* My only concern is that when the feeling comes back, my arm will want to make up for all this lost pain. I'm not looking forward to that.

SHELBY. Kyle, I don't mean to sound like Ami, but why is it that the other team always seems to score so much and—well, we don't?

KYLE. I don't know. I think about that sometimes while my facemask is buried in the mud and I'm waiting for other people to get off of me.

SHELBY. Do you really enjoy it?

AARON. *[As he continues to slap his arm around]* Oh man, we love it! *[MAVIS re-enters]*

MAVIS. Here ya' go, boys. This will make you feel better. *[The BOYS try to pay her]* Oh, keep your money, darlin'. Ami, you lock up when y'all are ready. I'm out of here. If I hurry I can catch tonight's re-run episode of "Dallas." See you kids later.

KYLE. The only thing I really hate about tonight is that I didn't get to escort the homecoming queen. I'm very proud of you.

BLAIRE. Thanks. I'm proud of you too.

SHELBY. That is so sweet.

AMI. I may be ill.

KELLIE. I don't believe it. Blaire dates the quarterback, is named homecoming queen, and my date leaves in the middle of the third quarter.

AARON. Ya know, that's about the time the feeling went out of my arm.

TODD. Speaking of arms, Blaire, what in the world happened to yours.

BLAIRE. *[Looking at a bruised area on her arm]* I don't know. I just now noticed it.

KYLE. Let me see. *[He examines her arm]* Blaire! Are you sure you didn't play quarterback tonight?

KELLIE. I didn't notice that before we left the house.

BLAIRE. I didn't either.

KYLE. So you think this happened during the game?

BLAIRE. I don't know when it happened. I didn't even know it was there.

SHELBY. Does it hurt?

BLAIRE. Well, it's kinda sore.

TODD. We could have Coach look at it.

AARON. Yeah, Todd, that's a great idea. He'll twist your arm around, Blaire, and mash the part that's bruised. Then he'll say "Ain't no bone stickin' through, tape it up and get back in there." Then he'll tell you how he used to play, back before there were facemasks, and how it wasn't a good game unless you needed several stitches, and how he had to walk to school in the snow every day—up hill both ways.

BLAIRE. Well, that does sound like a lot of fun, but I think I'll pass.

SHELBY. You still should have somebody look at it, Blaire.

AMI. I can not believe you people are making this big a deal over one little bruise. I mean the homecoming crown probably fell off her head or something. Now look, it's 11:15. And I know for a fact, Shelby Stevens, that if you're not home by 11:30 your mama will have the Texas Rangers out looking for you. Besides, as much as I love it here at Club 21, I'm ready to close up.

BLAIRE. Ami's right. It is getting late. And if I don't get you home, Kellie, I can kiss my senior year good-bye.

KYLE. So you mean I don't even get to drive you home?

BLAIRE. I'm sorry but we've got my mom's car.

KELLIE. Ya know, Blaire, you could ride home with Kyle and I could drive Mom's car.

BLAIRE. Sure, and I'd be allowed to leave the house again when I'm thirty. *[To Kyle]* Call me in the morning?

KYLE. Can't. We have to report to the field house and watch tonight's game film.

AARON. Yeah. It's like having to re-live the Alamo. *[LIGHTS down. Christmas MUSIC up]*

Scene Two

[Four weeks later, just prior to the Christmas Holidays, about 4 pm at the Doghouse. AMI is doing chores. BLAIRE enters]

AMI. What are you doing here, Blaire? Don't you have cheerleading practice or something?

BLAIRE. Well since football season is over, we don't practice every day. We're going to meet at the gym later and start painting basketball signs. Shelby went to get the paint. I told her I'd meet her here.

AMI. Well if you ask me, I for one am glad football season is over.

BLAIRE. You mean because we're not very good?

AMI. Lord no. We're worse at basketball than we are football. I just get tired of listening to the guys comparing their injuries. It's like they are actually proud of who gets hurt the most. Most players talk about how many passes they caught or how many touchdowns they scored. Ours say things like, "My knee was swollen three times its normal size last week," or "I bled like a stuck hog when that guy hit me in the mouth." It's disgusting. *[MAVIS enters with her purse and coat]*

MAVIS. Ami, I've got to run to—well hello, Blaire. How's your mama?

BLAIRE. She's fine. Thank you.

MAVIS. She is the best Sunday School teacher that our ladies class has ever had. She is so much more interesting than poor ol' Mrs. Downey. Bless her heart she tried, but she could put the Lord Himself to sleep while she's trying to read one of the Psalms.

BLAIRE. Yes ma'am.

MAVIS. Now, Ami, I'm going over to the Cut-n-Curl to have my hair done. I may be back and I may not. It seems the older I get the longer it takes to achieve the desired result. *[SHELBY enters with paint canisters]* Well hello, Shelby. Bye now.

SHELBY. This is all I could find.

BLAIRE. Pink and green, Shelby?

AMI. Now correct me if I'm wrong. Our school colors are blue and white, and basketballs are kind of an ugly orange color, but you're gonna paint pink and green signs.

SHELBY. Well, we used all the blue and white during football season. And it's been so long since we used the orange that it sat there and got hard. The brush got stuck in it. I picked it up and it looked like a giant popsicle.

BLAIRE. Shelby, this won't do. We'll just have to order more paint.

SHELBY. I don't care. I didn't want to paint the stupid signs anyway.

BLAIRE. Now that you mention it, neither do I. I am so tired.

AMI. Blaire, every time I see you lately, you're tired. And I don't understand that. I mean you go to school. When school is over you do your little pom-pom thing, and then you go home to your perfect middle class family. What if you had to go to school, bust your butt to get here by 3:30, close this joint down sometime after midnight, and wonder if your mom's gonna decide to come home tonight?

SHELBY. Shut up, Ami. You don't know everything that's going on.

AMI. What's that supposed to mean?

BLAIRE. Nothing. Cool it, will ya, Shelby?

SHELBY. I'm sorry, Blaire. I know you told me not to say anything but Ami needs to have a clue before she starts running off at the mouth.

AMI. Something really is wrong, isn't it. What is it, Blaire?

BLAIRE. It's nothing.

AMI. No, it's something. Shelby knows I always run off at the mouth and it's never bothered her before. Now what is it?

BLAIRE. If you breathe a word of this, I'll kill you.

AMI. I promise.

BLAIRE. You remember a few weeks ago, after the homecoming game, Todd noticed the bruise on my arm?

AMI. Yeah. So?

BLAIRE. Well, I didn't exactly tell the truth about that. I did know the bruise was there. In fact, I had several bruises, and I still do.

AMI. Blaire, has someone hurt you?

BLAIRE. No, Ami. It's nothing like that.

AMI. Then what is it?

SHELBY. Tell her about the bleeding.

AMI. Bleeding?!

BLAIRE. For about a month now, the inside of my mouth, you know my gums, will start bleeding for no reason.

AMI. You've got to go to the doctor.

BLAIRE. I have. Twice.

AMI. Well, what did he say? *[SHELBY begins to get upset]*

BLAIRE. Shelby, please don't do that. Everything's going to be OK.

AMI. What did the doctor say?!

BLAIRE. He wants to run one more test. He's concerned that I might... that I might have a form of...leukemia. *[AMI stares at Blaire for what seems like forever. Then, she picks up her tray and goes back to the counter and tries to act busy. It is apparent that, even though she does not speak, she is very nervous, angry, and frightened]* Say something, Ami.

AMI. He's wrong.

SHELBY. What?

AMI. The doctor. He's wrong. I mean who ever heard of a beautiful *[She loses her composure as she speaks]* eighteen-year-old girl having some stupid disease like leukemia! He screwed up and he's wrong. That's all there is to it, Blaire. He's wrong! *[By this point AMI is almost uncontrollable. BLAIRE goes to her to comfort her]*

BLAIRE. It's OK, Ami. It's OK.

AMI. No it's not OK. I go running off at the mouth, feeling sorry for myself. I didn't mean that stuff I said. Blaire, I promise I didn't know you were sick.

BLAIRE. I know that.

AMI. What's the matter with you, Shelby? You're supposed to insult me long before I make that big a fool of myself.

SHELBY. I tried, but some things are unpreventable. *[They all try to smile and laugh a little]*

AMI. How are your parents?

BLAIRE. Pretty good. Mom's kinda taken charge. She asked the doctor a million questions. No matter what he said, she'd just squeeze my hand and say we can do this. I am a little worried about my dad. He came in my room the other night and sat on my bed for the first time since I was a little girl. He wanted to tell me that God only puts tough people through tough times. But, he couldn't get the words out.

SHELBY. How is Kellie?

BLAIRE. Kellie agrees with Ami. She's convinced that the doctor made a mistake, or that the lab sent back somebody else's blood work, like on one of those TV movies where the babies get switched at birth.

AMI. Have you told Kyle?

BLAIRE. No, and I'm not going to. At least not until we know something for sure.

SHELBY. Blaire, are you sure that's the right thing to do. I just think Kyle would want to know.

BLAIRE. Oh I know he would want to. He just doesn't need to. You see Kyle's a worrier. He worries about everything. When we go out he worries that we'll get home five minutes late and we won't be able to go out next week. Every time we lose a game he worries that the rest of the players will think it's his fault. When we're together a lot he worries that he's not giving me enough space. When we're apart he worries that I'll be mad that he hasn't called me more often. And there is nothing that he can do about this situation right now except worry. So I'm not going to tell him and you two better not tell him either. I just want to wait until after I've had the test. Then, I'll talk to him.

AMI. What kind of test are they going to do?

BLAIRE. It's called a spinal tap. From what I understand they have to insert a long needle into my back and draw out some fluid. If I have cancer, it should show up in the fluid.

AMI. When are they going to do it?

BLAIRE. Thursday.

SHELBY. Do you have to be in the hospital?

BLAIRE. Well, they do it in the hospital, but I won't have to stay. They said the whole thing only takes about an hour.

AMI. When will you know?

BLAIRE. We have an appointment at the doctor's office Friday morning. He'll go over the test results with us then. I'll have to miss school both days. You can't let Kyle know where I am.

AMI. Sure. Blaire Parker, who has perfect attendance since day care, suddenly misses two days of school in a row. And when her boyfriend asks if we know where she is, we'll just say "No, Kyle, I haven't seen Blaire lately—but you know in a school with a graduating class of thirty-nine it's real hard to keep up with everybody." No, he won't suspect a thing.

SHELBY. Ami's right, Blaire. You have to talk to him.

BLAIRE. No. If this turns out to be nothing, then I don't want to worry him. And if it doesn't turn out that way...just cover for me, please.

AMI. OK, but I think some honest, serious lying is the only chance we've got here.